

The word "RUPTURE" is rendered in a large, bold, black, sans-serif font. The letters are heavily textured with various splatters, ink blots, and small circular marks, giving it a gritty, artistic appearance. The background around the text is white with scattered black ink splatters and small dots, particularly concentrated around the letters 'R', 'U', 'P', and 'T'.

RUPTURE

compendium 2012–2015

Send material for future issues to RUPTURE@HEADFUK.NET

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Scum Like Us?

It was that time of year again...

Halloween always brings with it the ensuing mayhem of huge raves up and down the country – and this year was no different, with at least three large parties in the parts of the country where the rave scene is at its largest (London, the South West and East Anglia-ish).

However, once again, it was Scumoween and the chaos surrounding it that had both the national and social media lit up like an early bonfire. Controversy has tended to follow the Scum parties around fairly consistently during its ten or so year history of huge London raves; but this year has perhaps raised the bar.

In recent years, Scum organisers would appear to have thrived on creating confrontation with the authorities in London. 2010's Squat Monster's Ball, in a former Royal Mail depot right on New Oxford Street in central London, similarly ended in pictures of running clashes with riot police with accompanying appropriately disgusted headlines across an outraged media – 'Rave hordes in 18 hour spree of destruction' read the Daily Mail.

This years Scumoween, openly promoted on Facebook, once again resulted in widespread clashes with police. With meeting points in Kings Cross and Waterloo stations, 4000 people pledging to attend on Facebook and a location in a deprived inner-city area, some level of confrontation was probably inevitable. Witnesses describe fairly serious violence on both sides; there's videos in the media of heavily suited-and-booted Old Bill smashing an unarmed girl in the head with a baton – which according to a journalist who witnessed the incident appeared to provide a 'trigger for the subsequent trouble' – and multiple accounts of riot cops attacking unarmed and peaceful attendees. Even mainstream media reports have described the police turning very violent very quickly, not particularly surprising in itself for those familiar with the Met.

The scale of the violence and destruction meted out by the crowd however is perhaps the surprising – and more controversial – part. Scaffold bars, fire extinguishers and, according to a sensationalist media at least, a petrol bomb were hurled in the streets and from the roof of the party building by a small minority of people intent on serious violence. Many inside the party tried to stop them and halt the violence, from inside the venue at least, but with little effect, as gangs of kids simply ran around the building causing havoc with little regard for what anyone from the organisation side thought. Out on the streets, in running battles with the Old Bill, a local warehouse was trashed as well as cars totalled on the street.

Whatever the exact details of what happened, it would certainly appear that the police were fairly keen on a fight when the opportunity presented itself. At best, they created an easily avoidable public order situation by blocking off the entrance in the face of huge crowds; and at worst deliberately engineered a riot. After 2010's Scumoween, and given the long and varied history of huge Scum raves in London, it would be of no surprise if the Met and local authorities were keen for an

excuse to crush Scum – and the wider, now somewhat declined, London squat party/rave scene. Conversations officers had with those outside made it clear that they'd been monitoring the event, and the number due to attend on Facebook, and had the riot squad prepared in advance.

Certainly, after whipping the national media into a frenzy in the last week or two they now have that excuse. In the face of police cuts and cutbacks, the Met now have the pictures of Halloween events to wave in the faces of politicians the next time they're prioritising their spending. Like after 2010, its probably going to get fairly on-top when it comes to doing raves in London for a bit.

But then, wasn't it already? As London becomes more and more of a playground for the super rich, squatting becomes harder and underground culture continues to feel the pinch, were Scum right to attempt to make some kind of stand?

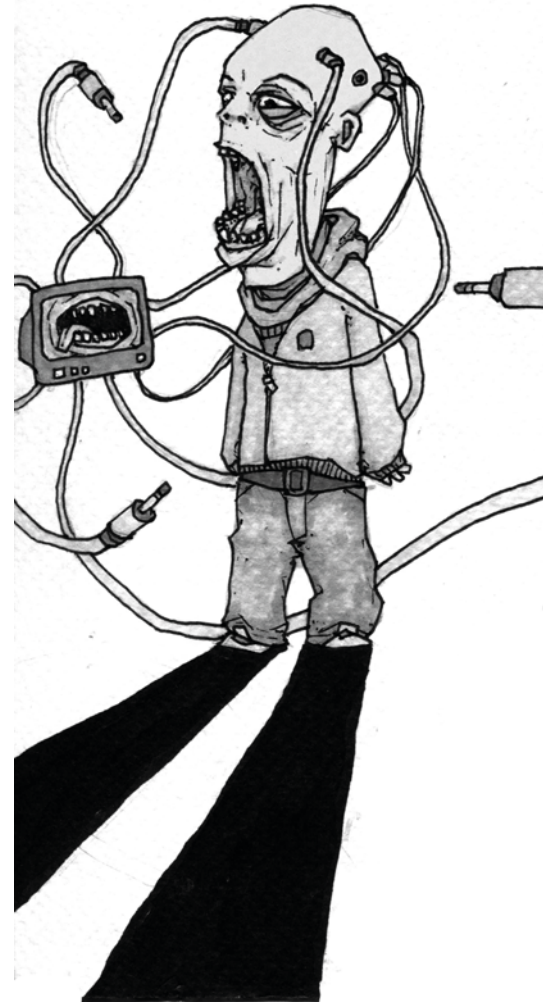
It's debates over questions like this that seemed to dominate Facebook (for about a week anyway) and raver-related social media. Slightly ridiculously, many people took the view that Scumtek organisers encouraged the violence; seemingly taking the right wing's headlines a bit too literally.



As several apparent Scum crew took to the pages of Time Out several days later to point out, they had called out in their communications before the party for people to 'stay peaceful, stay calm' and 'do not antagonise the police'. The violence that ensued on the night was far more a reflection of doing openly Facebook-promoted raves in deprived inner-city areas, where some people hate the police than anything else.

Yet it cannot be denied that the choice

of venue and the way it was promoted created a huge confrontation, the results of which were, if not inevitable, at least likely. Whatever your views on what happened – for now the violence that occurred at Scumoween seems to have played fairly well into the hand of the authorities. But after all, it is London, and we're sure that in one incarnation or another Scum and the various crews involved will be back to cause chaos once again.



MAP THE LOT

As a historical project, we are mapping squatted social centres for West European cities. London currently has 263 projects dotted all over the capital, but there are of course many more still to be added. Tekno party venues were normally not added since there have been so many, although places such as Waterden Road and the Odeon Parkway are listed since they did turn into social centres in a way (the term is used pretty loosely). It's sometimes been a bittersweet feeling to read about all these amazing projects which have existed and then got

evicted, but it's also inspiring for future plans. Check out Bzigeuleuschmeuldeu, the Cambodian embassy, Dis'ASDA, the Spiky thing with curves, the Wages for Housework Campaign squats and many more at maps.squat.net.

To add a squat or correct the information already on the maps you would be welcome to either send an email addtomap@riseup.net or use the comment system on the site. Note that for a new project the minimum required information to get onto the map is: Address / Date begun / Date ended (if ended). The more information on top of that the better, including links, photos etc.

IN DEFENCE OF THE SCUM:

EIGHT ARGUMENTS REFUTED

"They're not part of the scene" – Untrue, Scum Tek's go back years, and have been huge, amazing parties with loads of well-known rigs. They have attracted new people – and that's clearly upset some heads – but it doesn't not make them part of the scene.

"They're glory hunters" – Yes and so what? That's what made the parties so big and inspired the new wave of more mainstream kiddy crews to give it a go. You don't have to like those parties, but don't be a dick about it: it's great they exist. Rave is for everyone.

"They organised it on Facebook" – This indeed brought the parties to the attention of the cops, but it also brought 100s of working-class kids into an underground, subversive scene; kids getting an idea that the existing property relations can be beaten if you have strength in numbers and are bold – and not just buildings, but in general.

"The kids they attracted don't get the scene and its values" – It's all very well for the wealthy to drop out and do something a bit off the beaten track, squat or live on site, but their interests ultimately lie with the way things are. In the end, it's the kids in the new trainers and neat hair that have an interest in changing society completely – encouraging and channeling their rebellion is a good thing.

"Trouble was inevitable with that location" – Who are we blaming for the riot, the kids or the police who attacked them with batons for attempting to walk past them into an empty building for a dance? Also at the current time an anti-establishment party opposite Westminster is just what we need; see next point.

"It caused a riot" – No, the police caused a riot; but yes – it was likely and lots of anti-government messages were posted before the event. Good. Austerity, the completely bullshit idea that the world is 'in debt' and money for schools, hospitals, and job creation 'isn't available' should mean riots just like Thatcher's neo-liberal policies caused in the 80s. On the frontline I told a kid to at least put his hood up to avoid identification.

He said, "I don't care mate, I've got fuck all going for me. No job, no home, fuck all."

"It makes things harder for parties" – Though there was a central London party the week before maybe it will be harder for a while now, but overall the number of new people brought in by Scum Tek and its copycats far outweighs the police attention.

"Trouble puts people off" – Really? Then why were they 5,000 people attending on the Facebook page despite it being quite clearly confrontational and the last event was a riot? Surely if that puts people off it would have been smaller? The truth is people want to rebel as they party; and actually that's what the scene is about as much as hedonism – right back to our origins in the anarcho-punk squat gigs 30 years ago. Unlike the past decades, despite the fact that capitalism is increasingly discredited, unemployment is at 3 million and homelessness and social cleansing are wrecking our cities, we don't have much of a rebellious culture. Anyone attempting to build one should be applauded. Scum Tek is dead – long live the Scum!

Read more red rubbish at: facebook.com/redlondon17

Fuck Fuck Fuck, subject immaterial

Starting off with a bang – the firework explodes – looks like there's enough civilian explosives in the crowd to make this a lively one.

The first Fuck Parade took up the banner of the 'poor doors protest' at the No.1 Aldgate high-rise, which unashamedly boasted a secondary entrance for the less salubrious of its tenants; no red-carpet valet service for those minimum-quota-satisfying affordable-housing-units shoved off to the side.

Another bang, and the camera toting lay-media types crowd round in excitement. Now there's smoke bombs and Gabba as another sound system turns up with massively-distorted dance music blaring; and die-hard fans chuck out some shapes.

More purple smoke, more cans and more chanting sees the street taken over in a critical mass of people who are a little bit pissed and just want to dance. Familiar faces in the crowd; the masked contingent of trouble-makers we hear about hijacking 'peaceful' demonstrations eager for destruction and rampage.

The pseudo-organic process of anti-kettling street-party-conga-line begins – a direction-less mob, perambulating though the city; a 'critical mass' on legs; a bipedal noise-machine that stretches from the eager keenos to the lagging types, who just stopped to have a wee.

A torrent of smoke bombs spurt their wares as traffic on Tower Bridge screeches to a stand still. Banners unfurl and many a photo opportunity is there to be taken advantage of; lean back on a railing and crack another can; a little bit of dancing and the surely it's time to move on as the flashing blue lights multiply.

See, the British police are, controversially, very clever compared at least to what we see on the mainland – those cops armed with their water cannon and various gases to employ tactics of dispersion; running battles with cops whilst getting a drenching/exfoliation service pisses people off, heightens blood pressure, heightens tension – and possibly lowers cholesterol – but ultimately ups the game in the next clash; the red queen hypothesis encapsulated.

Whereas the massively-reserved British poo-lice work on a system of containment

(how many times have you been kettled for hours and hours?); bored-fucking-straight premeditated suppression tactics. Who wants to protest when protest means getting tea-potted, tea-bagged or spooned by the TSG? It was during the student riots that a lot of lessons were learned. Now you don't stop moving ever – ever, unless there's a lovely / dogmatically British view to look at, and a media circus to placate.

Pandemonium ensues – there's a fight over some banner-connected polyprop. Happy protester types and baton-waving, smiling Bobbies implore each other to fuck off. Clearly, they want their bridge back and so finally it's time to move on – on and on, though the streets of south London. Taking on a more carnival atmosphere, a lovely day out for the kids; and on, pissheads stumble by the wayside and those cardiovascular exercises start to pay off; and on, speakers continue to peak 808 kick-drums and happy fun-times turns into the Anarcho London Marathon/Drinkathon 2015; from Aldgate – Tower bridge – Tooley st – London Bridge – Holborn – Soho. Bollocks to that, but better than a tour bus and a fuck

lot cheaper; solidarity and comradeship swell the hearts of those few who finish the race.

Ultimately, the proof of concept had worked – Fuck Parade 1 had a tick in the box. It is true, subject immaterial, from phantom-baseball to an elongated strolling riot – if you build it, they will come.

And come they did; north London this time, to a battle ground very much lost – the gentrification of Camden. You see, every Fuck Parade has a different flyer, a different motto and a different single issue. Focusing on single-issues works; it's really easy, it lets people relax, unwind and not have to get bogged down in a quagmire of manifestos. Q: So what's this all about then? A: Well, the rich don't pay their taxes and they steal our homes and they cut down forests and wear fur and buy electronic goods filled with child blood and war minerals; plus my dole's been halved... The single-issue cause shines through; the single-issue MP, the single-issue campaign group and, of course, the single-issue mini-riot / 12v DIY boyracer-sound-system-penis competition.

This time, Fuck Parade single-issue issue-d-ness was strolling down the Mecca





of shame, the corporates' take on the 'alternative scene'; the racks of Nirvana t-shirts bringing on alternating waves of nostalgia and disgust.

Camden is surely the police's nightmare – everyone is wearing black. This time we see bigger and better banners dropped, lamp-post to lamp-post; traffic blocked and purple smoke (back by popular demand), a distinct lack of Gabba – as a house blows its tops, but festive merriment ensues. As the bridge over Camden Lock is partied, Phoenix is told to fuck off and the party continues; mutual love and respect for all.

On later reflection, a serious opportunity was missed – with so many passers by, so many rent-a-mob out for a good time – to not somehow utilise this energy for the forces of good; but I guess it did turn into an anti-fash-glassware-exchange-scheme – though more out of anger for a lack of 1970s style Dub than anything else. How it was arranged, for a token handful of skin-head types to appear on cue, remains a mystery. But given the lack of police to harass they seemed like a much more deserving target. Bare-footed anarcho-Luddites punched, got punched and punched back; as the air became lousy with solidified molten sand. Then the rozzers turned up and Fuck Parade 2 ended with the tinkle of broken glass.

See, what everyone really wants is for RTS to come back – banners larger than any banners have the right to be, truck loads of sound systems, tripods on motorways, free food and jack-hammers; thousands of people, proto-CJA fuck-you-very-much-parties that were genuinely a lovely day out for all the family. But rekindling those embers in a different time, a different technological era and under a different Conservative government is surely a humongous task.

Through the analogue-social-media-network-grape-vine Fuck Parade 3 (Single-issue: Shoreditch, grrr) was set to be

big – spectacular even. With more purple smoke, more fire breather/dancer/poi/staff types, more carnival-balloon-clown types, more die-hard Gabba types, more camera-phone-toting-media types – and definitely more mobile sound system types.

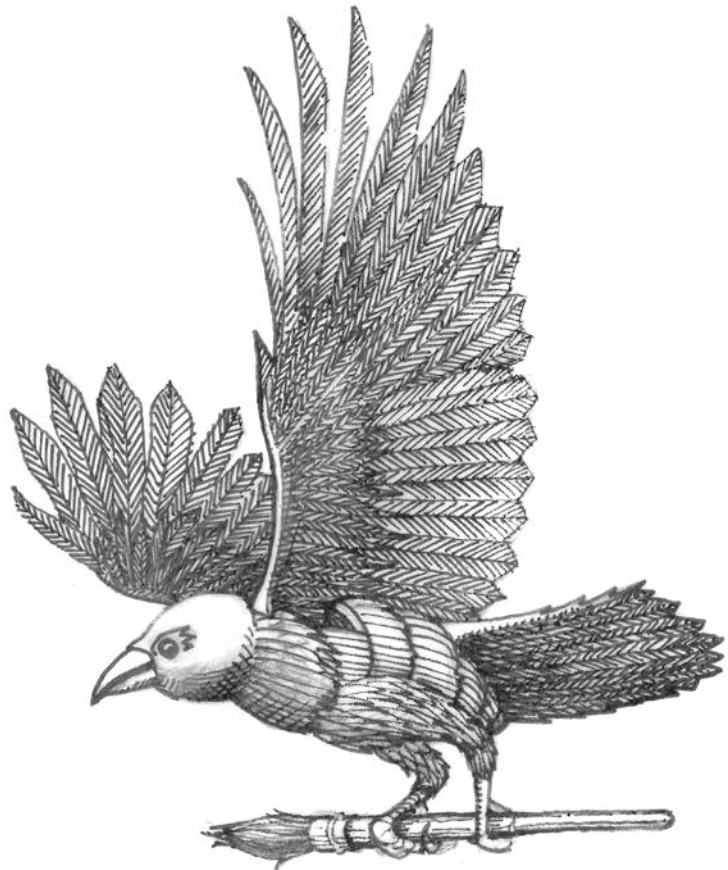
There was 1970s style Dub to keep people chilled out, there was non-stop Gabba to chew people out. Fire was breathed and a window got a little red; the Parade gaining in size as it meandered past esoteric-wine-bar after esoteric-wine-bar. Distressed party-goers 'chaired' estate agents' windows and elated rugby fans quaffed cheek-by-jowl with skankin' punk kids alike.

Thud-thud-thud! Noise cascaded across the crowd in an impromptu sound system link-up; Silicon Roundabout brought to a dead halt as car horns mingled with pierc-

ing hi-hats. Fires started, effigies burned and it's really time to keep moving. More fire, more smoke, more Gabba and down a different street; way more cops at this point and things start getting heated; tussles, de-arrests and one sound system gets a kicking. Getting tired, slowing down now, breaking up, dispersing, returning from whence we came.

More of an army of zombies wreaking havoc than a formalised protest. More of a gaggle of voices shouting "fuck!" than a political statement. More of a noise than a song. More of a wing than a prayer. More of a Fuck Parade than an RTS.

But these are the times we live in, this is where it starts. Just like in FernGully –Help It Grow... and who gives a shit about breakfast-foodstuff-emporiums?



WORLD CUP FOULS

Less than a month before the FIFA World Cup, Brazil was once again shaken by strikes, protests, police repression, and promises of federal intervention to ensure public safety.

Just like the massive demonstrations of June and July 2013, the discontent these latest demonstrations express cannot be easily summarised – neither in terms of political intention nor ideological values.

As the presidential election of October 2014 approaches, various segments of Brazilian society are voicing different kinds of dissatisfaction. Among the protesters, there are teachers campaigning for better salaries, organised movements of the homeless fighting for their rights, and anti-World Cup groups protesting against the waste of public money in the construction of multi-billion-dollar football arenas.

This widespread sense of discontent springs from the persistence of dire economic inequality, police brutality (including murders, disappearances, and torture), rising pressure on incomes from inflation, and the government's failure to improve Brazil's health and education systems.

The traditional political parties, both left and right, were shaken by the 2013 protests' spontaneity, the depth of mistrust in institutional politics, and the protesters' tactics, which defied the norms of political organisation.

The fact is that the protests have not forced a clear political response from the Brazilian government. But they have provoked unexpected reactions from the poorest members of Brazilian society, who live in slums or in peripheral and degraded urban areas.

Human rights violations and indiscriminate violence are nothing new for the residents of these areas, yet their reaction to recent incidents has been more vocal and public than ever. While the 2013 demonstrations didn't have a specific focus or earn any specific concessions from the state, they did give voice to a population that has so far seen its demands disregarded.

The protests have also had unexpected consequences in the Brazilian Congress. The violence of some protesters was identified by the mass media and mainstream politicians as mere vandalism. This reinforced the idea that the "correct" way of protesting is to do so in peaceful and organised marches, as opposed to "undemocratic" ways of demonstrating discontent with violence.

Based on that, much of the population began to support a harsher punishment for such acts. This support was echoed in the Brazilian Congress, and a new proposition of a law against "terrorism" was presented in July 2013.

Despite being condemned by the national constitution, the use of "tools of terror" is not proscribed in Brazilian law, and the country has no anti-terrorism legislation currently in force. The legal definition of "terrorism" is a highly sensitive subject in Brazil, since the concept was so abused in the "dirty war" waged by the country's military rulers against political opposition during the dictatorship of 1964-1985.

That "war" was legally supported by the National Security Act of 1969; the same law quoted by some supporters of a new anti-terrorism act. Despite of the international centrality of this theme since 9/11, the debate in Brazil had been stuffy – until

the demonstrations began last year.

To deal with them, various government spheres resorted to the National Security Act, invoking as a justification the urgency of preparing the Brazilian state to face possible public safety problems during major events, such as the World Cup and Olympic Games in 2016.

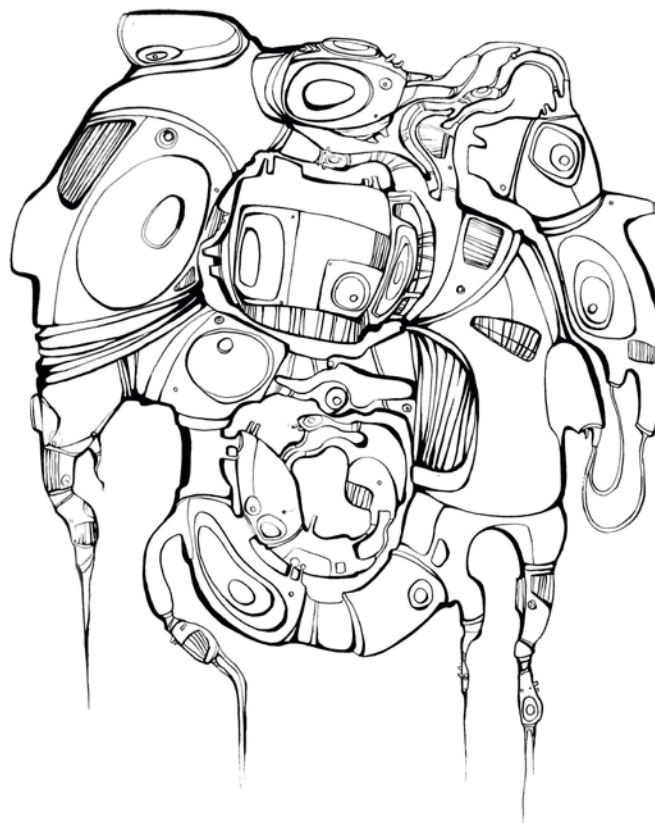
The term "terrorism" is highly open to interpretation, and it is telling that it could unify a large number of distinct groups, among them social organisations. It is not lost on them that a new anti-terrorism law could rehash the old practice of selective repression justified by labeling specific social groups "internal enemies".

This chimes all too well with the rhetoric of the "war on terror", with its post-9/11 suspensions of basic human rights and "exceptions" to international law. In the case of the World Cup, it is expected that the police forces will use all means necessary to stop large protests from happening, probably with the support of the armed forces.

That prospect was reinforced on May 15 2014, when dozens of demonstrations took place in Brazil's major cities. These protests were violently repressed by security forces and were seen as an example of what people protesting during the World Cup should expect.

Brazilian President Dilma Rousseff has stated that she expects Brazilians to show visiting fans the happiness and hospitality for which we are known worldwide. Meanwhile, the mass media and merchandising initiatives promote the same old image of a sunny country with a beautiful, tolerant and joyful people, madly in love with football and ready to be as nice as usual.

But the expected protests during the World Cup will reveal another Brazil to foreign visitors (and even to Brazilians themselves): a country of deep social, political and economic complexity, full of unpredictable potential and democratic promise, but with a population less and less willing to accept State violations of any kind.



Clapton alternative

The modern football industry can very effectively disillusion fans. Those who enjoy playing or watching the game can hardly be impressed by the professional side of the sport – the amount of money that circulates in and around the game is just mad. The source of this money is often dubious, whether it comes from Middle Eastern oil, Russian oligarchs' businesses or from American tycoons. The wages of players and agents are inflated to exorbitant amounts and the TV rights to show the game are counted in billions of pounds. Scandals, bribes or money laundering are business-as-usual. This also trickles down to the fans as prices of match tickets are unaffordable to those on an average wage. Does this mean that you are resigned to meeting up with friends and kick the old ball around a park to get your football fix?

Luckily, there is an alternative provided by a certain team in East London. That club is Clapton FC, based in Forest Gate, and it competes in the Essex Senior League. It is a football club with history, and it certainly is an amazing history too.

Founded in 1878, Clapton uses The Old Spotted Dog ground; which is said to be the oldest sporting venue in London in continuous use. Clapton was the first British team to play abroad in continental Europe; that happened in 1890 in Belgium and ended with a victory over a Belgian XI.

In the 1920s the team featured three English and one Welsh internationals. Walter Tull, the first black professional outfield player in English football played for the team too. The club has won five FA Amateur Cups.

However, during its more recent history Clapton has been hanging around non-league football's Essex Senior League without much success or attendance. That is until 2012, when a group of local fans disengaged with decaying modern football started to attend. Adopting the name of Clapton

Ultras, the fans show resentment to the culture of discrimination and far-right politics present at so many other football grounds.

At these games everyone is welcome, barring the intolerant, racist or fascist. Here you can see antifascists, punks, leftists, feminists,

London based fans of FC St. Pauli, Rayo Vallecano or Livorno. As well

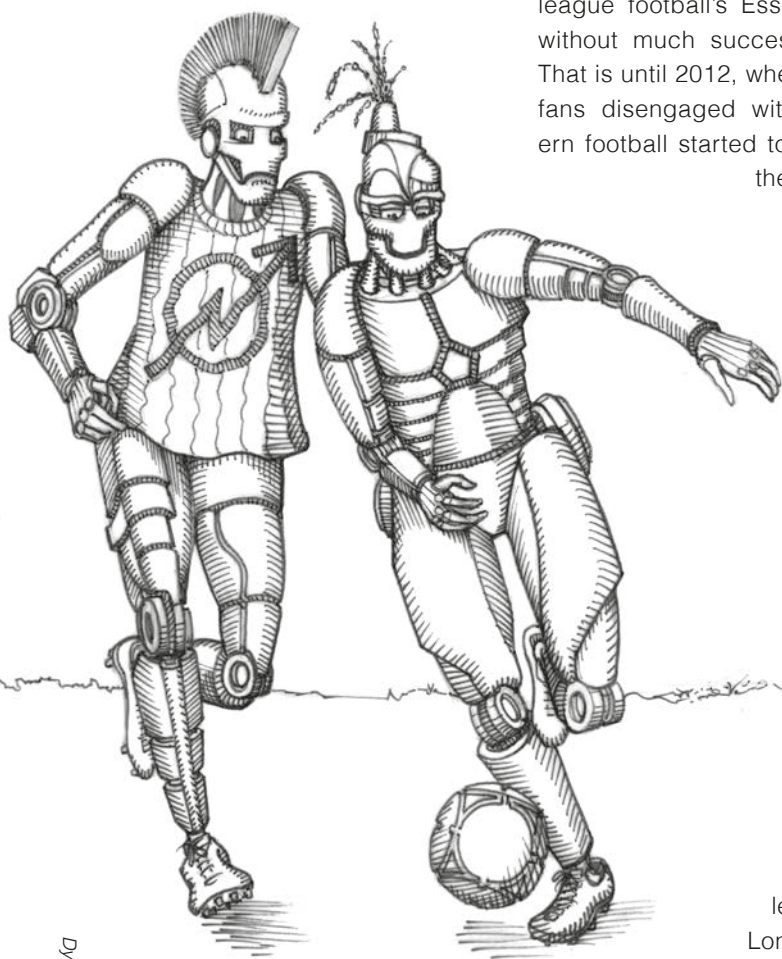
as those, who simply want to watch the game in a non-discriminatory and tolerant atmosphere.

This year the record attendance amounted to over five hundred. For an affordable price of six quid you can enjoy the atmosphere of a real football match; joining in the vocal support of the team and sing your heart out while sipping a beer. The support is being appreciated by the players as well, who often join in a tune or two at the end of the game.



Among their many initiatives, the Ultras organise food collections for Refugee and Migrant Project or donations for Food Not Bombs. One of the games this year witnessed a Football Against Homophobia action. On another occasion the team of FC Romania was greeted with a 'Romanians Welcome' banner after that very team was subject to racist abuse in the press from a manager of another rival team in the league. The Ultras participated in support of the E15 Mothers Centre, a squatted social centre for single mothers in Newham and they took part in a Stop the EDL March in Walthamstow.

Whether it is to rediscover your love of the game of football or embrace a match atmosphere where there is no place for discriminatory, intolerant and alienating behaviour you are very welcome to visit The Old Spotted Dog and meet the fans. They are sometimes anti-social, always antifascist.



DISOBEDIENT OBJECTS...

Objects are not disobedient!

Objects are just objects, A hammer is just a hammer, it's not until we pick it up and decide what role it will play that it can become a channel for our own disobedience to flow through. It is our interpretation of conformity that allows the threads of disobedience to be pulled, and pull we do.

A sound system on the other hand, is the embodiment of disobedience, even before it is born just the mere flicker of an idea is in itself, disobeying what our society classes as conforming to the norm.

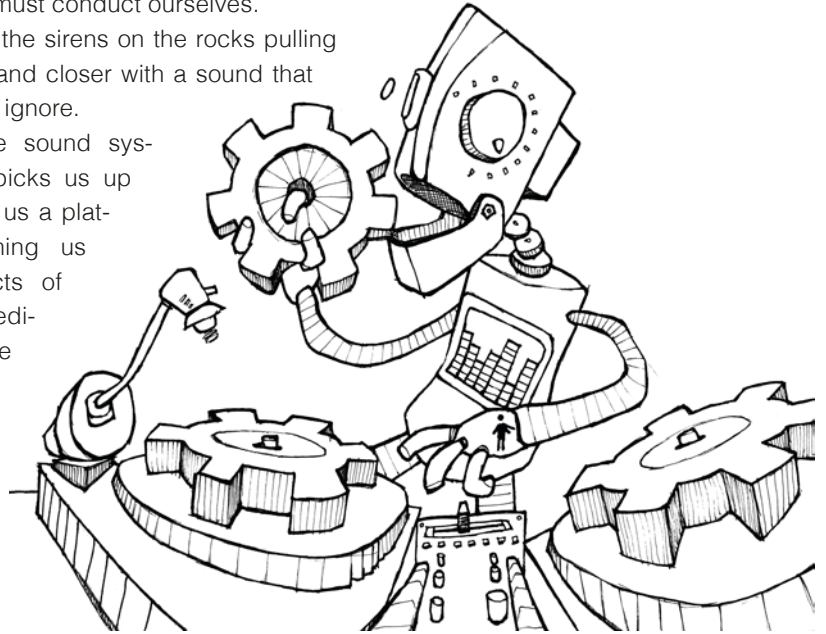
It is like a living organism, it is created, it is nurtured and it grows. It has a soul and that soul beats to a rhythm that's deep inside us all.

It draws us all together like a totem allowing us a chance, just for one night, to disobey, to challenge how society has decided we must conduct ourselves.

It is like the sirens on the rocks pulling us closer and closer with a sound that we cannot ignore.

It is the sound system that picks us up and gives us a platform, turning us into objects of its disobedient desire before it allows us to leave and go back to society letting us hunger for more,

waiting until we hear its call again.
Joe Siren - Siren Sound System



Star Spores: Frequency Harmonics #13

I went to **Circus Radiance** and witnessed a performer who put together broken glass with the power of her voice. This is just a way of speaking that you might comprehend.

First the clowns threw bottles high and let them fall to the concrete floor beneath the LED lights. I loved the breaking sound and dancing shadows, splinters of light.

She smiled and sang out scientific expeditions of tones that you could feel in every cell of the body as an excitation, a tingling.

With her harmonically rich resonating overtones that folded and looped around the Big Top, she gathered and reconstituted the glass into new shapes, brilliant and scintillating images of thought made real in the air above the concrete ring.

Green and blue glass first formed a planet like our own back in the day, and transformed into a river with light shimmering on its surface and a row of remembered poplar trees alongside. Then a peacock appeared, reflecting and mirroring our eyes that gazed upon it in disbelief, astonishment and delight. Mouths wide open, our larynxes started vibrating too. We became part of the song.

The single peacock split and reformed into charms and parties of blue-tailed em-

eralds, fairy bluebirds and blue jays, all of which broke into pieces of birdsong that hovered in the air and resolved as a single true note, balanced and poised, crystal clear and whole. It was like exploded galaxies travelling back beyond our Big Bang.

This got me thinking. And thought quickly turned to action.

I met her after the show. She first read to me from a book: "A catalyst intervenes in reality, recognizes specific targets, triggers effects, causes encounters that would not have taken place without it, and yet it is not consumed or permanently changed in these interactions, so that it can go on triggering effects elsewhere".

In the back of the book, among diagrams of computer circuits and nervous systems, she had drawn musical staves and notes in patterns like constellations next to illustrations of vortices, and written code ciphers of mathematical symbols and hieroglyphs.

She went on to explain that reality is composed of an impossibly beautiful web of lines of light held together with sound waves. By voicing particular frequencies and series of frequencies during her performance, the pieces of glass could be

moved along the lines of light. And by generating harmonics, the glass could be rearranged and joined like molecules in endless patterns.

That night, the fragments of our lives fused together like glass in joyous unity and we balanced the equations.

In the following days I found myself humming fragments of song. These varied according to my surroundings, birdsong refrains synced with architecture and purpose. I'd then walk past the same places again and hear others singing the same melodies.

The planet grows colder and now everyone sings all the time. We mesh with each other at certain places and frequencies. Our songs, tones delicate at first as spiders' webs in September, begin to form together and become more resilient. The melodies assemble in concert, a growing panorama of sound.

We have discovered the music and breath that gives it voice. The sound that creates the world is at our command. When a certain number sing as one and incant the codes, we bridge the particle and the whole. Already we transform the city and reach beyond the stars.

Terra Audio

The System

We are religious, and once we start looking for the hand of God we see His work everywhere. Our God is the recession – the ‘To Let’ signs appearing
on buildings
like a semaphore that signals: here. Here we can do what the fuck we like, here we can turn the derelict
into a paradise, a sybaritic Shangri-La. The means of acquisition – unlike lawyers, surveyors and piles of money – are the crowbar, the car-jack, the window shattered
to glittering pieces. Alarms always a constant opposition. That too familiar ring follows us as we creep back
through windows
and gates to retire and wait. But then at other times the buildings welcome us, as if they will us
inside. Gates left unlocked, windows swinging
in the breeze.
Sometimes we just walk up and the door is set wide – the heating already on. Maybe Dionysus, Teshub, Soma or Nin-kasi, watches
over our shoulders, willing us to success, wanting us to flourish. Or are we like the gods Agwu, Dian Cecht, Eeyeekaldu? So where large warehouses stand
agape like gangrenous wounds, we become surgeons. Operating on the patient: fixing up, stitching together, making do. Administering anaesthetic, counting down
from ‘ten’ to not hear the ‘one’ – already under. The body politic unconscious on the table, spread-eagle under the knife. Sometimes killed. Always cured. The queues: massive: a squirming, shunting mass of people
willing their way inside. Where else can you buy freedom, and so cheap? The call goes out, like a howl, and the pack converges, descends
on the corpse of another capitalist failure. We sink our teeth in and rip away at the flesh of industry, commerce and capital. Where manufacturing flees
we ride into as makers, start production lines of our own. Everyone employed turning the rusted hulks of previous business
into a constant adventure. Here we are rulers of a sub-bass empire that stretches until sunrise, an empire that flies its flag
in intended tatters. Here we can fashion things to be in our own image. Old cinemas a favourite. The theatricality
of the space feels like it lends itself to our purpose. The screen, the stage, allow us to be whatever we want to be
in the smudgy, laser-lit darkness. Watch us dance. This is the payback, how we make good: the swirl of the lights, the rhythm’s insistence, the laden bass. We are frequency, vibration itself – the light at the end of the long dark tunnel
of the week. We are arsonists, lighting a fire that can be seen from space. Perhaps this fire is only within ourselves, but come the morning
one of us, whoever, will drag pallets into the yard, rip them apart, put them ablaze to warm us until we’re ready to hit it
again. We can’t wait to be back in the centre of the maelstrom, swirling, twirling. Sunlight comes up
through the holes in the building, the echo of bass off the walls seeming different with the morning. Some of us begin to couple up, drift apart, start new alliances, find new ways of having it. I’m stood in the centre
of the swirling twirl, when from within the crowd someone comes and stands in front of me, catches my eye, then walks past
so I follow.

RUPTURE

Explosion in my spleen
Breaking the sound barrier, pulsing,
Bursting eardrums all the way to Croydon
A rift widening, feel it like a trauma in my internal organs
WAKE UP!
Tear it apart with your teeth
Destroy it, mash it up with a crow bar
Jump on it til its smeared all over the soles of your shoes and up your legs
And you can’t see any more for the blood and sweat that clog up your eyes
You don’t need to see.
Fractured into a million billion tiny pieces
Primordial dust; try sniffing it
Mix it with half a cup of water, a pinch of salt, a frogs leg or two and an eye of newt
Boil it up, ingest it and shit it out again, organically deconstruct the tissues of your reality
And then hope, from all the shards and slime, that life will continue.

All in this together

We’re squeezed into a corner,
cups of tea perched on knees,

while they take up
the middle of the room

as if they own the place.
Polite, we sigh and blow

to cool our drinks. They flap ears
and the breeze created

moves the very air. We try
to make the best of awkwardness,

pointedly not noticing defecation
or the stamping of feet.

Our attempts at conversation
falter as through their tree-trunk legs

we can’t see eye to eye.
Then one of them trumpets, loud,

and lowers a trunk to slurp
at your tea. You force a smile

ALIVE AND KICKING (OFF)

UK TEKNIVAL 2015

It had been a while... The last 'proper' UK teknival, an attempt at a truly national free party, was on Dale airfield in Pembrokeshire in May 2010. Although a brilliant rave, it ended – as some of the largest do – with mass seizures of equipment and prosecutions of the 'organisers' (pretty much just the drivers of the rig vehicles). In November 2010 ten people pleaded guilty to the obscure, and almost never used, charge of holding an event without a suitable licence. They received Community Service Orders (although the charges against those six who pleaded not guilty were dropped).

So, we all knew what we letting ourselves in for as, generally speaking, the 'open invite' nature, huge crowds and total chaos that accompany raves on the scale of a Teknival – both in the UK and Europe – have always invited large-scale police action, repression and investigations. At very least, the containment and roadblock tactics developed by UK police forces in dealing with raves have been fairly effective in controlling the size of many parties; if not actively shutting them down.

But fuck it... the UK rave scene, while enjoying a fair renaissance in the last few years (at least outside of London) has been lately growing in a fairly splintered fashion; with different areas of the country keeping fairly separate and rarely linking up. A whole new generation of rigs and crews has sprung up, encouraged by the older generation of soundsystems and coming into their own with the usual mix of free parties, club nights and festivals. This energy, and the increased crowds at raves that have come with it, made us think it was a good opportunity to take another shot at an open-invite, national teknival – a chance to welcome in the Tory government, unify the UK scene somewhat, hold an absolutely massive rave and, at the very least, if it all went tits up, cause absolute chaos!

UK Tek was publically announced as close to the 23rd May as we could get away with, to minimise chat on a now heavily police monitored Facebook and social media, while allowing us to build up enough hype across the country to make it as big

as possible. We chose Twyford Airfield for our main site; a Forestry Commission site in Lincolnshire, a county with easy access from many different parts of the country and that, although it has been heavily raved in the past, maintains a fairly poorly funded police force across a large force area.



After much work and little sleep, the night finally arrived. Initially everything seemed to be going well, with several of the largest linkups and dozens of vehicles converging on the site at Twyford airfield at the same time in a well timed – if chaotic – feat of logistics. However, once on site, things suddenly started to move very quickly for the worse. A local biker gathering had meant that a force of already mobilised cops – with riot gear in tow – was there hardly fif-

teen minutes after we got onto the site, followed by a police chopper moments after; its spotlights silhouetting the set up against the runway before any of the rigs had managed to turn on.

It was from this point that the chaos really began to unfold. As more and more punters and rigs started to arrive in the area, police started to set up a huge exclusion zone around the party. Nevertheless, with multiple entrances to the airfield for vehicles and pedestrians, numbers began to swell on the site. Eventually the police went so far as to close the A1, the main artery up from London to the North East, in an effort to limit numbers, closing off entrances as they were created. Dozens of vehicles were abandoned in laybys, surrounding fields and even on the hard shoulder of the A1.

Inside the party, things were not going so well. A roving column of ten police riot vans were going from linkup to linkup, informing us that they planned to seize all the generators on site and then allow everyone to stay 'til Monday to sober up and leave with our equipment (not that we believed them). By setting up spread out across the site, the different soundsystems had inadvertently left themselves open to being picked off one at a time.

The police operation, under the supervision of one incredibly incompetent Chief Inspector, was one of the most publically dangerous we've ever witnessed. The column of riot vans ragged it around the site in the dark all night and well into the morning, emerging in full riot gear to seize the generators they wanted with little attempt at negotiation. At one point, facing a large crowd in front, they all started to reverse back into each other; crushing one raver's neck between two vans and breaking his collarbone before one after another reversing into each other like dominos. It would have been hilarious had they not managed to run someone over in doing so. Unmitigated brutality was happening all over site, with heavy-handed violence being dished out without discrimination to anyone in the cop's way.

By the morning only one large soundsys-

tem remained, the rest having had their generators taken and packed up – although still on site. It was at this point that the tide turned. The roving riot squad, clearly made up from poorly trained officers inexperienced in dealing with public order situations, and with numbers nowhere near enough to tackle the size of the crowd in front of them, again attempted a generator seizure from this final rig.

This time they did not find it so easy. Over the mic on the soundsystem, the cry went up to defend the generator, stand up to the police and repel the cops, as peacefully as possible. Despite incredible brutality on their part – the local news reports the generator that was behind the rig, and where some of the worst police violence took place, as being 'covered in blood', with much use of batons and pepperspray – in the face of a majority of people who were not using violence, the police were forced to retreat by the large crowd standing up to them. I saw coppers close to tears at what they were doing, spurred on by their superiors from behind, but clearly unsure of what they were supposed to be doing in the face of such a large crowd and, when questioned by ravers, of why they were doing it. The crowd followed as they retreated, forcing them back into their vans and cheering as they drove off.

For the rest of the day, that appeared to be that. Knowing full well the scale of the police operation that was waiting for us on the way out of site, the party continued on all day, with one unified linkup, a huge crowd and beautiful weather. Slots were cleared

for DJs and producers from the other generator-less rigs, and the variety of

music made a fair attempt at representing the diversity and difference across the UK rave scene.

It wasn't until around 8pm that the cops returned. They had already issued a Section 63 notice at the other end of the huge airfield, where pretty much no one was there to hear the decree of only twenty minutes to leave the site, and a police helicopter observed the crowd thinning out as evening set in. It was now that an absolutely huge police force moved in to clear the airfield, reinforced by cops from across the East Midlands and their new private policing partners, G4S. Forcing everyone off the site on foot, no one was allowed to retrieve any belongings from their vehicles – no money, phones, clothes, anything – and were funnelled out of the entrance through a huge stop and search operation.

Several of us plunged into the forest to retrieve our money and possessions from a car at the other end of site by working our way round police lines; eventually slickly emerging smack-bang into the middle of a huge police presence we casually told the cops we had authority from their senior officers to grab our bags. As nonchalantly and calmly as possible we walked out the back route from site, past the biggest line of riot vans, dog units and operational vehicles we'd ever seen, with the cops inside looking at us in puzzlement as we tried to hold it down and not laugh at the absurdity of it all.

Having cleared the site, the police made what must have been one of the largest number of vehicle impounds ever, with by their own estimates as many as 140 vehicles seized and all the sound systems impounded. Any car or van with as much as a bag of records or laptop was hauled off to impound, with their passengers from all over the country left stranded. The party was well and truly over.

So as we all deal with the aftermath, with the possibility

of arrests and charges, with impound fees and seizures – was it worth it? The answer from all involved, judging by both internet and personal discussions, seems to be a resounding YES. It was one of the first times in the UK that any of us had seen a riot police force having to beat such a hasty retreat from such a unified crowd, even in the face of such extensive police brutality and violence. The joy of doing that resounds even now, despite the potential legal consequences for many. Ultimately though, its not just about the rejection of authoritarianism, not about defining ourselves just in opposition to the cops, but the unification the crowd felt in standing up for our rights and values, legal or not. Links were made and strengthened between people and crews from hugely different parts of the country, music was played from across the scene, different tactics in defending ourselves explored – from failed early negotiations with senior cops, to the outright self-defence tactics that raves have been forced to use in some parts of the country for decades. Maybe the event didn't turn out quite like we'd planned, with perhaps thousands of ravers and dozens of sound systems turned away from the borders of the huge exclusion zone, but the experience was amazing for all involved.

Parties sprang up elsewhere in the country on the Saturday night organised by soundsystems unable to access the teknival area. Ten days later and one intrepid Welsh crew is still camped out in Twyford Woods, steadfastly refusing to go home without having their rig or van back. A clean up organised by ravers of the site for the following weekend was rumoured in the local media to be another rave being planned. The national media – as usual –

have repeated the police story verbatim, with the couple minor injuries sustained by their





officers trumpeted (one of whom was hit by a car and sustained a minor injury, with no mention that a dozen riot cops in full body armour had surrounded and were smashing it to pieces with people inside, panicking the driver) with little mention of the brutal injuries dished out to dozens and dozens of ravers, many of whom were being entirely non-violent. An IPCC claim is being looked into with the help of an established law firm, and people are being asked to supply video evidence of police brutality for this.

Debate has raged online about the use of violence against the police – but it was their totally unnecessarily heavy-handed and brutal tactics that antagonised an otherwise peaceful crowd, as the huge number of online videos clearly shows. Ultimately, when a cop is punching you in the face – not to mention the use of batons and pepperspray – for having committed no crime (it is not illegal to attend a rave) then why shouldn't people defend themselves?

The police investigation is ongoing, and charges inevitably will be brought against some people, but it was worth it. Though the event may not have gone to plan in size or number of soundsystems that got onto site (although numbers at Twyford are still estimated at least at 1500-2000), the unity and buzz it created in the scene and everyone there will be felt for a long time. In the face of another five years of Tory rule – with the impact on all of us of an ever more right-wing direction in politics and society – it's important that rave counterculture and the values it embodies sticks together and shows unity when it matters. 'Til the next time!

23 Weeks Later... UK Teknival Update

Six months on from the chaos of May's UK teknival and the police investigations into the weekend's ruckus are still ongoing. Despite a several month long Lincolnshire CID operation into what happened, and comically announcing that they were on the hunt for a 'Mr Uktek', no arrests or charges have yet been brought against anyone for organisation of the event.

Instead, presumably under pressure to show results after such a long and costly few months, and with (at the time of writing) the majority of sound equipment having been returned to its respective owners and hire companies – although with the condition that it could be retaken for use as evidence if necessary – the focus of police repression has shifted onto those they can charge with public order offences relating to the struggle with the cops.

In September, publicly announcing that they were now working on the investigation with Avon and Somerset Police – and widening their search for those they wanted to arrest to the West Country – the Old Bill released in the media pictures of 25 people they 'wanted to speak to' in connection with the rave. These quiet, friendly chats have re-

sulted in detectives knocking on doors from Wales to East Anglia and at the time of writing they'd gleefully announced that half of those pictured had been identified. This was presumably due in no small part to the role of social media in the investigation, where a cursory glance showed people actually *tagging on Facebook pictures of their mates* that had been released in the papers... the mind boggles! While (as far as we know) the majority of those arrested are still on bail awaiting charges/trial, hopefully any criminal trials that do take place will at least attempt to highlight the excessive police brutality that day, in the face of what was a largely passive crowd; and how the poorly planned, and outright dangerous, police tactics led to an easily-avoidable mass confrontation.

Shockingly, despite happily running up and down the country arresting as many people as they could, the plod have announced that they are totally unable to figure out which of their own number *left a raver permanently blind in one eye* – a 21 year old man who was smashed in the face with a baton by a cop as he offered him a flower. The IPCC, in its usual display of deliberate ineptitude, has entrusted the task of finding

the Lincolnshire copper who did this to... the Lincolnshire police force, who have surprisingly said they're currently unable to find the footage of the attack; and 'cannot put a timeframe' on when the officer will be identified. As usual, this brutal incident seems to be fading into a web of back-scratching and cover-up, with a national media that has displayed no interest in this side of the story whatsoever – yet are happy to repeatedly publicise the pictures of those the Old Bill are still looking for. Unsurprisingly, an arrest is not expected to be forthcoming.

The lessons to be learned from the current police repression are unfortunately going to come too late for those arrested. If you feel the need to defend yourselves from the police, which in the face of the totally unnecessary and unprovoked scale of the brutality they employed was understandable, watch for cameras, change clothes, wear a mask. Protect yourself and your identity, because a moment of unthinking action and putting yourself in the glaring spotlights of the cops CCTV cameras could have repercussions for years to come.

Solidarity and sympathy goes out to all those facing the repression of the law.

Greetings from Reality – 40 years of ASS

The Advisory Service for Squatters is celebrating 40 years of existence this year – Happy Birthday to us! We win: A steep decline in any feasible level of possible hope! Awesome. But never-the-less, our cheeks have wobbled their way across 4 decades and we have been guffing out legal and practical advice to poor unsuspecting squatters for just as long. We are also celebrating the long-term survival (20 years and counting) of the cynical excellence of one particular member of the office pack who need not be shamed here, but who does demonstrate a level of tenacity (or insanity) that we could all probably use a slice of.

In true ASS style, it all began in the February of 1975 and after 'just one more beer' we finally opened our doors a mere 8 months later in the October. We have existed without ever squatting a single building ourselves, for purposes of the office at least, over those 40 years – hooray for us! But thankfully, lots of much cooler folks than us are still squatting in the face of all that tries to stop them: law changes, constant-fucking-development, skyrocketing property prices, landlords and their assorted goons, wayward policing, overly-amped PCSO dingbats and everything and everyone in-between.

Recently at ASS we have witnessed a shift in attitude that has seen pigs, councils, courts and other authorities bend over backwards to facilitate the hyper-gentrified social cleansing of anything that breathes goodness within the M25. In the office we have noted that there are more IPOs over standard Possession claims, attempts at using S144 (though it rarely sticks), the use of old writs or warrants illegitimately, or violence; and we have apparently entered,

or re-entered, the era of the siege where councils imprison buildings or entire estates and their residents (squatters and tenants alike) behind fences guarded by dogs and the Orcs of Mordor.

Generally the Courts aren't buying anything much either – even water-tight defences aren't working; you know the ones where we prove they don't even own the building that they're evicting people from! (Cough, cough Lambeth County Court, may the flaps of the ASS beat down on you for all eternity).

We have also seen the mutation of bailiffs and assorted idiot security guards, whom have apparently now morphed, matrix-style, into pseudo-paramilitary forces of occupation in marginalised communities. Violence and the threat of violence is also on the up (and not the kind of state-targeted violence we love and

adore); so much so that it has become run-of-the-mill to anticipate or experience it amongst the squatting community.

But has this buried us? No. In the words of Sweets Way Resists and many before them: "They thought that they could bury us; they didn't know we were seeds." Squatters, (like single mums, tenants or any other inadequate description of those in housing crisis) are not getting beaten into dank submission but are forming new types of mutually-supportive communities, continuing our vast history of solidarity, and have branched out and 'looked up' – together. Squatters have proved instrumental in other housing struggles and tenant-led occupations also; becoming excellent co-conspirators, most infamously perhaps during the occupation of The Aylesbury Estate where squatters and tenants came together and ripped Southwark Council's siege fences down.

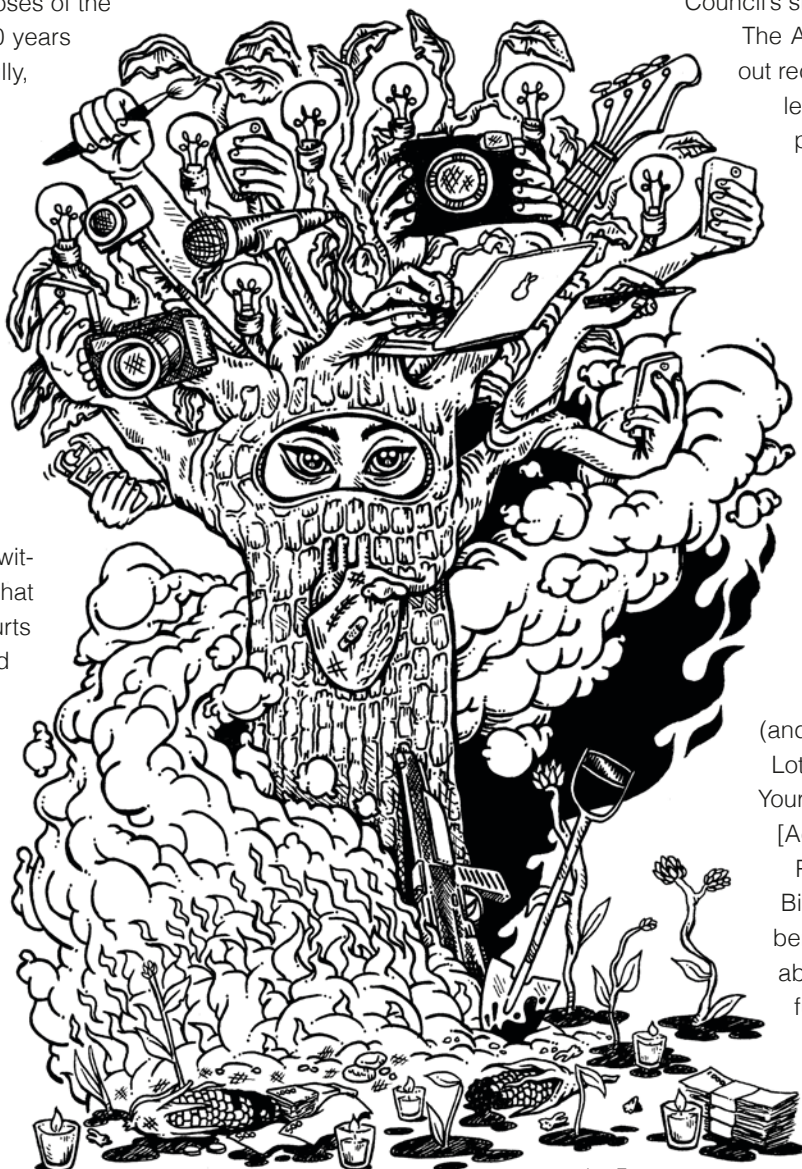
The ASS has also been branching out recently to play a key role in the legal support of many occupations including The Aylesbury and Sweets Way – and this is how we like it, this is how it works; the many-headed Hydra. But now, more than ever, it has fire in its eyes, a hungry tummy and it's coming to bite the scrotum clean off of all the heinous bullshit that attempts to engulf it; and for 40 more years we will happily be its ASS. Alone we can do so little, together we can... totally fuck shit up properly.

Fuck the Fucking Fuckers (and everyone on Facebook)!

Lots of Love,
Your friendly Asses

[Advisory Service for Squatters]
Ps. we are celebrating our Birthday around 12th September with an event to reminisce about the past, strategise for the future and... well, get drunk.

We are also open as usual – 2-6pm every weekday, above Freedom Books on Angel Alley, E1 7QX.



Joe Fur

SQUATTING UPDATE

Thanks almost exclusively to the indefatigable efforts of the Evening Standard we all heard *ad nauseam* about the 'scourge' of squatting that apparently 'plagued' London for a brief period between late 2011 and 2012, for which we seemingly had 'criminal gangs' of Eastern European immigrants to blame and the Tories to thank for the ensuing criminalisation. There's no need to insult the reader's intelligence by detailing the demonstrably fatuous nature of this state sanctioned outbreak of racist property speculation/paranoia mixed with good old-fashioned lying to the public for money and power. Instead, this article will outline some facts about the changes to the law before looking at some ways that people have got around the Tories' hastily conceived, needless piece-of-shit legislation.

THE NEW LAW

On 1st May 2012 the Legal Aid Sentencing and Punishment of Offenders Act 2012 (LASPO) received royal assent and became law. The Act made enormous changes to the provision and scope of legal aid which will undoubtedly have disastrous effects for the UK in the long run. Section 144 of the Act – a last minute addition to an already massively overweight bill – has absolutely nothing to do with Legal Aid but has everything to do with punishing a new type of criminal offence: 'Squatting'. Whereas before squatting was not, in itself, a crime, s.144 of LASPO changed that by making squatting residential properties a criminal offence, punishable by imprisonment for up to 6 months or a maximum fine of £5000. Whilst this news was very fucking serious for squatters, it was not catastrophic – commercial buildings were left untouched by the Act meaning that it is *NOT* a criminal offence to squat them, and some resourceful squatters have managed to squat residential properties despite the new law.

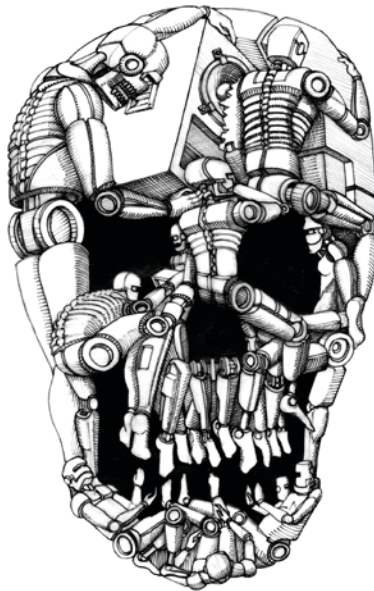
COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS

This change in the law meant that the old and much-loved 'Section 6' legal warning was transformed overnight from a document that provided some practical defence for squatters into an advertisement of their criminal activity in residential properties – if you're squatting a residential property and you still have a Section 6 in the window you might want to think about taking

it down ASAP! But all the old protection afforded by the Section 6 still applies to commercial, non-residential properties since the new law doesn't apply to them. There is now a new legal warning for squatters of commercial buildings (you can find it here: goo.gl/8dxEse) that explains that no criminal offence is being committed, and 'reminds' heavies/owners that forced entry into your home is itself a criminal offence and if they want you out they'll have to take you to court the good old-fashioned way.

LIVING OR INTENDING TO LIVE

Dirk Duputell was found by police super-



glued to a wooden beam of a disused pub near Brighton on 3rd September 2012 and arrested for committing a criminal offence under s.144. In an important victory for squatters, a judge recently ruled in his favour on the grounds that the police had failed to demonstrate that he was living there or intended to live there. This is relevant because s.144 says that a criminal offence is committed if, and *only* if:

(a) the person is in a residential building as a trespasser having entered it as a trespasser, (b) the person knows or ought to know that he or she is a trespasser, and (c) the person is living in the building or intends to live there for any period.

Since the judge ruled that the police had failed to provide evidence that Mr Duputell actually lived there or intended to live there he got off scot free. To be fair to the police,

they managed to cobble together some nonsense about "a sighting of a man fitting Mr Duputell's description with a distinctively shaved head and blond Mohawk spotted on the roof of the building hours before", as well as some video footage of a mattress and some food. But what's interesting about this case is that the judge was clear that 'evidence' like this is simply nowhere near adequate to show that Mr Duputell was living or intended to live in the property: "his presence could have been because he was a visitor or someone who had gathered in support with this group making a political point". Case dismissed. And having set a legal precedent, this case can now be cited by other squatters who find themselves arrested in similar circumstances – if the police turn up and say "oh look there's a mattress and some food here, you're nicked" the arrestee can rely on the judge's ruling in the case of Mr Duputell which suggests that if they want to prove you live there, or intend to live there, then like the judge says, the police will have to provide "evidence gathered through forensic work, surveillance and door-to-door inquiries", not just cobble together some rubbish about seeing you a few hours before the arrest. It's worth adding though that this only worked because there was no admission of guilt. If, as in the unfortunate case of Alex Haigh (the first person to go to jail for squatting in the UK), you say to the police that you *are* squatting in a residential property you're basically fucked and you can go to jail just like he did. As always, if you do get nicked for squatting the best thing you can do is go for "no comment officer" all the way, DEFINITELY DON'T SAY YOU'RE A SQUATTER, and sort the rest out with a friendly lawyer and/or the ASS & Squatters' Legal Network (www.squatter.org.uk) once the filth let you out.

PROTEST

The judge in Dirk Duputell's case flagged up the possibility that Mr Duputell might have been there to make a political point, and this has since been seized upon by other squatters who've defended their occupation of residential buildings in the name of protest, but with varying levels of success. The police evicted a squat in a commercial/residential building in Camden on 25th February 2014 using battering rams and arresting two people on suspicion of criminal offences under s.144. This marks a new phase in the repression of squatting under the new law, since no similar actions were taken with a similar 'protest-squat' in Southwark the year before.

LICENCES

A curiosity of the new law, as yet insufficiently tested in the courts, is that the government made some exceptions even if the property in question is residential. Specifically: "The offence is not committed by a person holding over after the end of a lease or licence (even if the person leaves and re-enters the building)". What this means for squatters is that if you can convince the police that you're not squatting but instead have or had a licence or tenancy agreement entitling you to occupy the place, then the police should back off because the new law doesn't apply. So with a bit of a blag and

perhaps something you concoct together to look like a tenancy agreement you might be able to convince the police that this is simply too complicated for them (and let's face it, they're not that smart). This has worked for some squatters in residential properties since the new law came into effect, saving them from criminal conviction and forcing a good old-fashioned court case for possession. Interestingly, there is some pressure building from angry lawyers on this point – recently an unwitting family got conned into signing a dodgy tenancy with someone who unbeknownst to them wasn't the rightful owner. When the actual landlord found

out he tried to evict the family under s.144. You can read about it here: goo.gl/FGAM7I. That this kind of debacle so easily ensues from s.144 has led to lawyers calling for it to be abolished, and that can only be a good thing for squatting in the UK. Squatting now is harder than it has been, but the law is poorly written and easily accommodates abuse from unconscientious landlords like this guy, so with a bit more pressure and a bit of *nous* there's a good chance that the police will back off a bit, finding the whole thing a little too complicated for their tiny warped minds. **Know the law, know the blag and keep on squatting!**

Another Brick in the Wall

Several police forces across the UK are now the proud owners of Cobham plc's 'Scene Management Barrier System'; a 10 foot high, 13 metre long solid steel cordon designed to be used during chemical, radiological, biological or nuclear (CRBN) incidents.

Cobham's brochure describes it thus; "A lockable rear door enables rapid access of police in full CBRN or public order PPE [personal protective equipment]. Polycarbonate viewing portals with privacy shutters allow monitoring of crowd activities and assessment of intent, while the roof provides some hard cover protection from

a hostile crowd." Further equipped with CCTV and an 'IMSI catcher' to intercept/monitor mobile phone calls, the SMBS only takes two people to set up (though police sources have reported that moving SMBS can be "...very unforgiving...too much speed when towing one will destabilise the towing vehicle...therefore not easy to deploy in quick developing situations . . ."), can be combined with a 'Public Communications System' (a trailer with 2 loudspeakers and an LED screen on top, controllable by remote) and may be connected together in multiples to form an even longer wall too. Increasingly SMBS are seen being used to restrict the movement of protestors at lawful demonstrations, and they have so far been deployed by City of London, Metropolitan, West Midlands, Sussex, South Wales, Leicestershire, and

Greater Manchester police. It seems certain that this list will increase – 200 were purchased by the Home Office in 2008 for "CBRN preparedness" and are now available "for any police force in the country to use, for any purpose at all". Dorset-based manufacturers Cobham are a major developer and supplier of a variety of military, police and aerospace equipment (including to the International Space Station), and rank 51st among the Defense News list of Top 100 defence contractors.

"Tools and technology created and purchased for one purpose are often ultimately used for another; this kind of "mission creep"...where technologies that are initially intended for use only in the most serious national security cases gradually enter regular policing." – Privacy International



REPLACEMENT PARTS

I'd injured my leg after a nasty fall. I'd torn the ligament in my knee and was in complete agony. It seemed like the sensible thing to do, we'd all seen the adverts, and wasn't too expensive – nothing is if you get it on credit. The difference straight away was amazing. I could feel more power, more flexibility, and no pain whatsoever. I had the new knee set on 'low' but soon enough the other one went; a human knee can't stand up to a bionic one. I had been warned that might happen but hey, I was happy to take the risk. It's better to have two 'super-knees' fitted instead of just the one anyway.

I'd caught the bug by then, of course, and had my ankles and feet done as well. For the first time in my life I could really run – I never was too athletic at school but now I could outrun a car! It wasn't long before I'd had one whole arm done, all the way up to the shoulder, and then, of course, the other one to match. It was easy. The credit arrangement had already been set up and signed off so all I had to do was apply.

I'd worn glasses all my life. I quite liked them: the way you could alter the look of your face with them; all the different, colourful, fashionable frames; and the way people told me they made me look more intelligent. But when I lost my last pair after a drunken night out, I thought: 'Why not get my eyes done too?'

It was the best decision I ever made, or at least it seemed that way at the time. My eyesight went from poor to extraordinary. All the little add-ons and effects meant I could do things with my eyes that normal people could only dream of. Once I realised how good it was I went straight back to the NuYu clinic and got my other senses upgraded too: smell, taste, hearing, the lot. I can now smell someone's perfume from across the street and can overhear someone talking at the other end of a room. Of course you never know who else might have had work done, so you have to be careful about what you say – and how often you shower.

Everything was great. That was until the day I saw the mail icon appear in the

upper-left hand corner of my vision. It was a message from the nice people at NuYu Corp.:

Dear Mr Smith,

According to our record you have been unable to keep up repayments on your Auxiliary Replacement Bodily Upgrades (ARBU). Due to the nature of the product, ARBUs cannot be returned. This is why we offer our customers the opportunity to pay off any outstanding debt by loaning their bodies to the NuYu Corporation for a limited time. Due to the amount owed by you



Joe Fur

to NuYu Corp. you will be required to give your body up for requisition for the next 24 years, 36 days, 4 hours and 20 minutes.

Yours sincerely,

Abbie Hoffman

NuYu London Rep.

I immediately opened the file on my Eye-Drive where I keep all my old contracts and receipts and frantically began searching through them. They were all simply tagged 'contract' or 'receipt.' I never bothered to put them into any kind of order. Near the bottom was my old NuYu credit agree-

ment. I hadn't really looked at it all those years ago, just ticked the 'agree' box. I know they say that you should always read the small print, but who does that? I opened it and read down the list of small bullet-points and there it was, in the font and colour of my choosing and overlaid upon the kitchen surface I was looking at:

16.2a:

Any customer unable to repay fully the amount borrowed under a NuYu credit agreement shall have all rights to the use of the ARBU, and any flesh connected with the ARBU, requisitioned for a time that shall not exceed 20 minutes per Universal Credit owed.

The tiny letters danced around my retina, taunting me with their meaning, until I blinked hard and shook my head. This was supposed to close the file, but I've never quite got the hang of it so it took a few goes before the words disappeared.

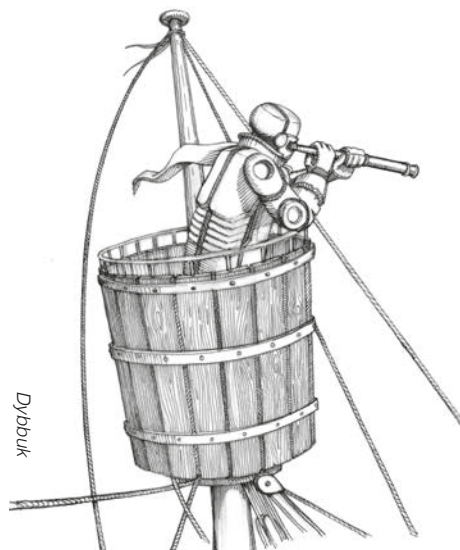
I tried desperately to think of a way out. But what could I do? I'd ticked the box; it was all on, and in, my own head. I went to bed that evening and thought about how I was going to get my life in order and what this would all mean. I needn't have worried. The next morning I got out of bed on autopilot, went downstairs, made and ate breakfast, and then headed straight out to the train station. All fairly normal, only I wasn't in control of my body at all. I was moving as if under the control of someone or something else. I had no idea where I was heading, or what was going to happen once I got there.

I arrived at the South East's largest NuYu factory and was set to work producing new NuYu body parts. A part comes in, I check it, polish it and then package it. A machine could do it really. There are loads of us here; mugs like me who all bought new bodies on the never-never but now never get to use them. We give each other the nod and a wink when we pass – keeps our spirits up. All in all it's not all that bad. I just try my best not to think about it too much. Luckily my neck's one of the few things I can still control so I just keep my head down and get on with it.

THE UNCERTAIN PRINCIPLE OF SODS LAW

The multiverse is a complex place and a place full of irony, slapstick and misdeemeanours. As modern science delves deeper and wider, expanding the notion of reality, we see the world of the very very small giving way to a very real calculation of multiple universes existing in a foamy 'bath' of bubble-membrane-space. But with the 'all-possibilities-are-happening-somewhere' philosophy, is it just our turn in the multiverse to walk into lamp-posts or face-plant freshly cleaned glass doors, or is it simply Sod's Law at work?

The finer workings of Quantum Mechanics dictate that the state or location of every particle cannot be known until it is observed. This facet of modern phys-



ics is one of the weirdest and most mind boggling anomalies. For example, the act of measurement can change a photon from behaving like a wave, to behaving like a particle (which is a big deal – believe me). It is this experimental observation that is convincing leading scientists that the multiverse is a testable reality. At the crux of the multiverse theory is the fact that the photon is actually always just a particle, and its wave behaviour is just the blurred realities of multiverse existence happening simultaneously. In accordance to the Copenhagen Interpretation, it is only by us choosing to measure/observe it that we pin it down to a universe, our universe, and it is at this point that the wave function collapses and the universes branch away from each

other. However many possible measurements could have been made at that time, however many choices were made, however many flips of the 'quantum coin' took place, that is how many universes will spring into existence as we diverge paths.

Like Schrödinger's fated cat, lying in a fuzzy state of both being dead and alive as it shoots through multiple universal space in a sealed box, it is not until the box is opened that the cat's 'choice' is made and he finds himself dead in one universe, but alive in another. But which state would he be in in our universe? To my reckoning, we live in an unfortunate universe governed by Sod's Law (yet to be accepted by any scientific body), and as such our cat would have had the misfortune to have knocked his head on the lid of the box during take off and would now have a gammy infected ear.

In the multiverse theory, it is not just the small, quantum, observations that cause universal divergence; we are all responsible for creating these splits every time we make a decision. But who are 'we'? At any one moment 'you' are a fuzzy combination of multiple 'yous' across the foamy membrane, and as different 'yous' make a conflicting life choice they branch off, away from the rest of 'you'.

But where does that leave the 'you' in this universe, our universe, the only one we can really know? The evidence seems stacked against us. This is the universe where you have to pop back into the house to grab your wallet before work, only to get to the station as the train pulls away. The one where you buckle just when trying to look your coolest. But this isn't Murphy's Law (where things that can go wrong, will go wrong), otherwise we'd be living in a universe where the Nazis won the Second World War or where Thatcher had declared herself totalitarian leader of the free world, or you'd have made the train only for it to have derail before the next stop. I pity that universe.

No, this is Sod's Law, something far more subtle and poetic. A universe full of "Life's little ironies", as Thomas Hardy called them; this is where a homeless

person finds the twenty dropped by a hurrying CEO, and a freak thunderstorm falls just after you've finished watering the garden. Or one where it doesn't rain and instead there is a heat wave in October, just because you've brought your umbrella to work with you – which would be a blessing if you weren't now lumbered with carrying around the redundant item (but don't put it down or the rain clouds will return!). Sod's universe isn't an ill-fated one; on the contrary, our universe is likely to be the one that will run out of oil just as we reach crunch time.

Maybe this is the universe where a sudden shift in collective consciousness will usher in a new era of responsible humanity and global peace... It could happen... or it already did last Thursday in some other universe. Maybe all the cool freaky shit happens in the other universes and it's just Sod's Law that we're in the one that will plod on, scraping by with good days and bad days into an unknown, yet ironic, future.

Personally I like to know that out there, in other worlds, there is a me that has started a revolution, a me that still has dreads, a me that can sing and a me that became a physicist. It also comforts me to know that while I choose to lie in bed for an extra 10 minutes in the morning, I am enabling a different me to choose to get up and get more done. I am lazy so the others can succeed. I take that bullet for team me!



CLIMATE CHANGE VS ECONOMICS

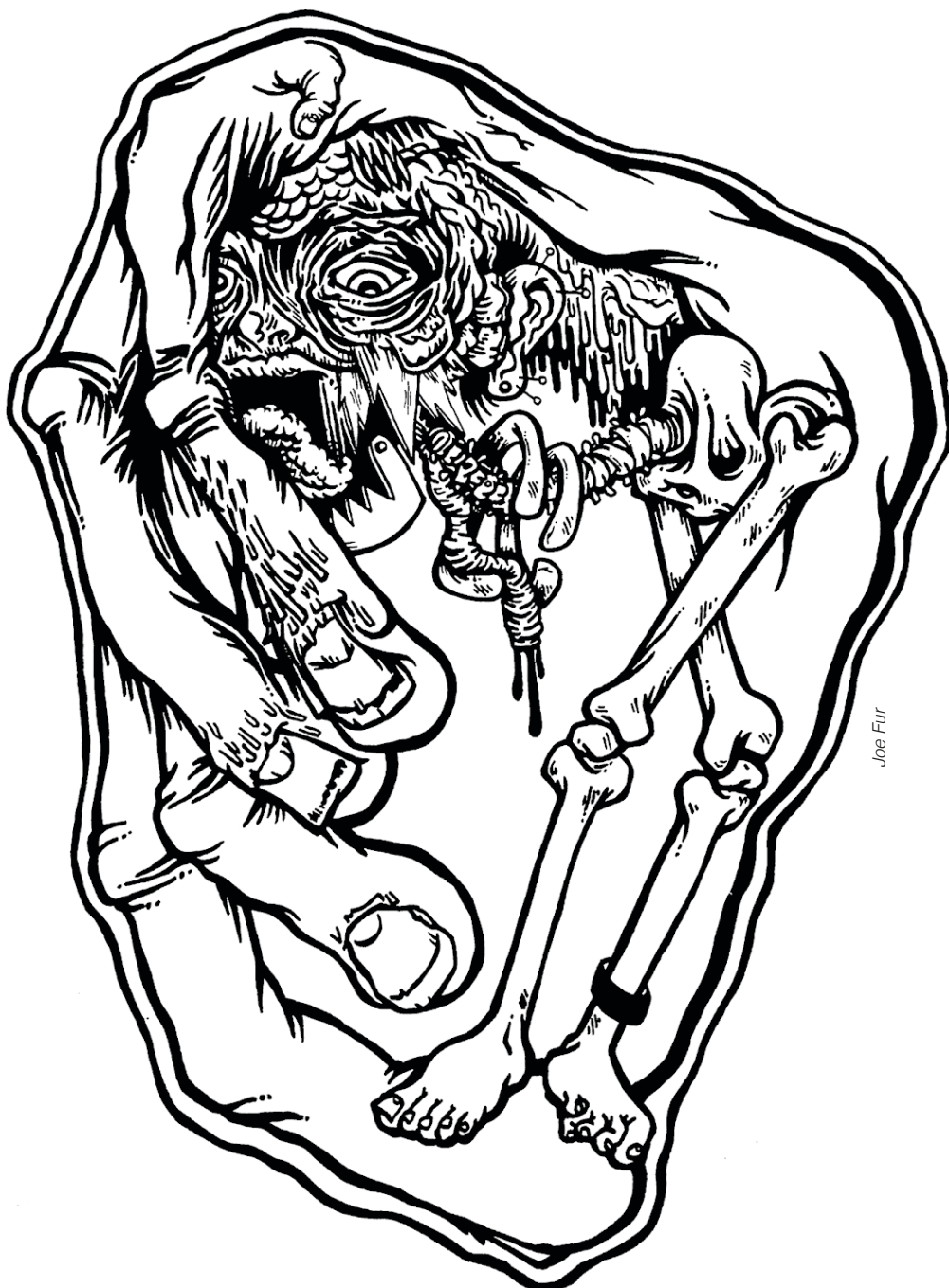
Climate change has been on the radar for over a hundred years now. Strong evidence originating in the 60's and 70's convinced many and currently there are few deniers of the potentially most pressing issue the world has today. However, there is little one can do to significantly effect this matter before it's too late. Regardless of scientific evidence and the concurring beliefs of the vast majority of intellectuals specialising in the field, global institutions with the power to save the planet choose to ignore advice in favour of economic growth and market values.

The neoliberal political revolution has turned fiscal variables into an almighty deity, omniscient and not susceptible to wrong doing. When the UN agreed positive action was necessary, Carbon Credit markets were created then traded on stock exchanges; when polluted, smoggy cities need vehicles with lower emissions, electric cars and tolls on old vehicles emerge. This has increased the production of new vehicles and in tandem, the profits of companies involved. Even given the best intentions these are hardly the drastic actions necessary to combat climate change. But that's not to say that these institutions can't help. Perversely it is primarily they who have the power and resources to enact the measures required, in the time scale necessary, to avoid subjecting all markets to the same fate as the dinosaurs. Buying power and boycotts of immoral institutions can affect markets but nowhere near as fast as is necessary. Even if everyone were able to be as green as they know they should be, far too much money can still be made through trashing the place. It's not that there's no money in ethical business, there's loads. But not as much as in unethical carbon-heavy practices.

If the impending doom were something a little more obvious, let's say an alien attack, companies and states alike would quickly unite against the common enemy. When the enemy is a man-made nightmare poised to wipe life away altogether, let alone the odd market here or there, these institutions just can't let go of the current economic dogma, and re-

main petrified of looking anti-business. The power to change is no longer in our hands: it's in theirs. Occasionally the odd public figure speaks up at the UN but with the model of greed so entrenched there will have to be a far more serious event if companies are to change their modus-operandi. Even if this happened tomorrow, do we have enough time as it is? If, like me, you prefer the altitude found on the moral high ground you will continue to recycle waste and keep an eye on the thermostat. However, I fear this may be piss-

ing in the wind - to use an old Irish phrase. If, hopefully when, powerful organisations collectively challenge these attitudes towards climate devastation, they have the power to disperse the impending doom overnight. A few enlightened shifts of policy and adjusted business practices could secure a far more prosperous future for the planet. But as long as the enchantment of neoliberalism keeps these institutions focused on economics there is little chance of change on the horizon.



MEAT FOR THE MASSES

I hop on and keep my cap low; meet no man's eye, London-style. Lights strobe as we pass a ghost station, fuct up old trains. Thing's ain't right, it's all a bit offkey; no one seems to be lookin' at their phones or even checkin' the Metro. I'm probably just a bit rekt, innit? I look round to see if there's something cray I didn't catch. Nothin' – no aliens from hell or gender-benders with their cocks out. I shouldn't have got blunted before I left my yard; bare paranoia for nothin'. I shake my head and swipe my feed; I'm blatantly just being a mug.

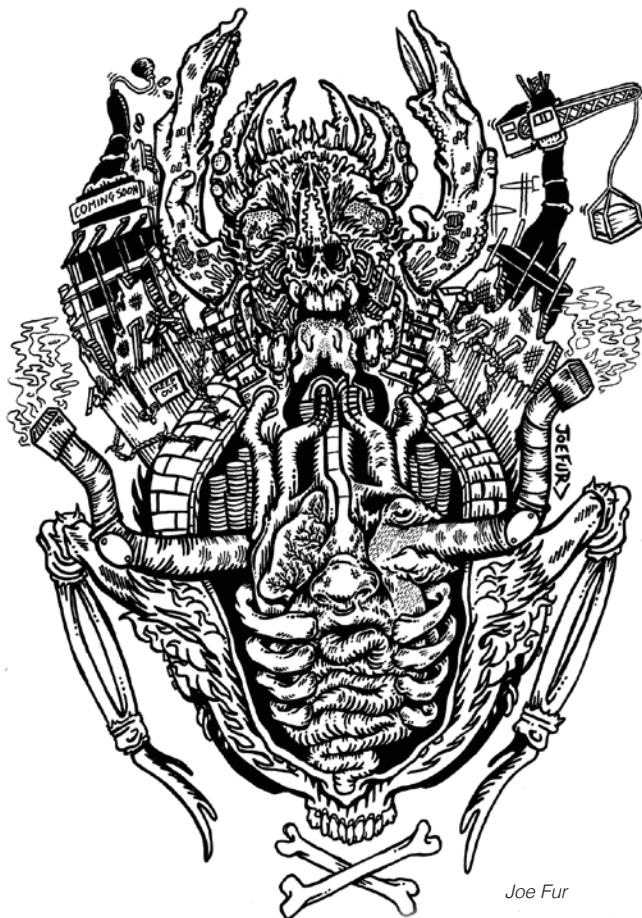
If only Tommy would call, I'm sick to death. Riding his bike when he's so tired; not that I was any different, but that's not really the point. Does life really have to be that fast? All the time? No care for anything anymore, like when was the last time they washed this train exactly? I dread to think! Mountains of dirt – that must be what's making me itch. Focus, focus Stevey, you can do this. If you can lift up your arm, start a ruck, a fight, some confusion; something, anything! It ain't happening – my muscles aren't moving. They know... they know I'm trying to get myself banged up, or better yet quarantined. They know. They're watching and feeding and shitting inside my mind.

EH, EH, EH. THAT'S ONE UP YA; THE SMELL OF MY OWN SHIT. SHIT MYSELF AS A FUCK-YOU TO YOU INSECT WANKERS; YOU THINK YOU CAN CONTROL ME? EH, YOUR FUCKIN' HIVE-MIND DOESN'T FUCKING CONTROL MY ARSE DOES IT? I SHIT, I AM AND THAT'S FUCKIN' ALL.

FUCK ME BACKWARDS I WANT TO DIE. I FUCKIN' MEAN IT. I HOLD MY BREATHE, THE LIGHTS STROBE LIKE A BANGIN' RAVE BUT I KEEP BLOODY BREATHIN', THOSE TINY LITTLE SHITS 'AVE GOT ME AND THEY DON'T WANT ME TO KICK IT. FUCK THEM, THOSE LITTLE FUCKERS – I'LL DIE WHEN I FUCKIN' WANT TO, I'LL SHIT WHEN I WANT TO, YOU MOTHER-

FUCKING BUNCH OF CUNTS.

I started off unperturbed, imagining that the momentary loss of my motor-skills was worth the plethora of plaudits I would receive on my discovery of this rare breed. These are, I discerned, surely nothing more than wall lice or crimson ramblers; perhaps with merely a slight mutation, a genetic defect if you will. What a find! If this was a properly documented affair – obviously I must be diligent and not just skirt over the proper research process – but if done to



it's fullest extent this case study could find me showered me with accolades aplenty.

I can't say it was immediate, but it slowly dawned on me that I was paralysed. This was not momentary, as I had first thought, but complete; I dribbled and thought it an achievement. I had completely misjudged the fortitude of the insects' venom.

Now, after some minutes without movement, it strikes me that I have one final experiment before me; one last thing to discover – what it is like to be slowly eaten alive.

They they they call us parasites but we

spread no no diseases they call our offspring outbreak. We say go go go go forth and multiply. Multiply multiply.

Let me out! A wordless scream as we shoot through darkened tunnels, a screeching of metal on metal. Chained to a ball of darkness as countless mouths suck me dry; sleep paralysis mixed with mutant spawn. Let me go you microscopic hoards of Satan! Let me go, Goddamn you – let me go!

I blame myself for not getting the bedbug problem sorted in the first place; I left it and left it and it spiraled out of control. Not that these were any normal bedbugs; these ones are mutants. I wouldn't be surprised if they're UV and like industrial noise they're so abhorrent. At the beginning I used to joke that they had been drawn to my flat for the techno cock – that's the Wi-Fi, it's a running gag; being as the biggest mast in Hackney sits directly above where I sleep. I think of it as a penis shooting forth it's technological spunk, binding us together in a web of delight; that was back before my little friends came to visit – now I guess the joke is on me. Maybe the critters are even laughing at me, that is in-between munching on my fresh tattoo. This is so depressing, especially as me and my nest, formerly known as Dave's beard, is probably the epicenter of this disaster. My facial hair has given birth to a bug apocalypse – now that's a status. I guess it makes a difference from posting my dinner;

and I thought being a hipster was bad enough.

The ssssucculent juice of a human freshly fed fed fed, fat the sugar content, mmm content so high it makes our mandibles twitch with glee.

Edgware. The doors go shutdown, the lights go cold. No man does one. I try to check the other peeps, but I'm mash-up. I try to scream, but I can't even whisper. My brain goes POW and some hive-mind hooks a man up. It tells me what I don't want to hear – no one here's makin' tracks, we is all just meat for the masses.

Syrian Subotnik

I was just standing up from dinner when I heard the first two gunshots. The unmistakable 'pop pop' of rifle fire; higher and quieter than a handgun or the crack of countryside shotguns we knew from our European homelands.

"That's not even a block away – that's definitely gunfire – right there – other side of that building – gunfire" I said quickly but relatively calmly to Hanna, who remained seated. She didn't seem to return my concern until a YPG fighter rushed past us down the road, pulling his camo vest over his pajamas, AK in hand.

"Okay" Hanna conceded standing up, "Okay."

The area began to come alive with shouts in Kurdish, and families started peer out of their doorways down towards the city centre. Some boys took position on the roof overlooking the area where the shooting started, as more YPG arrived and took position on the corner. I went to my container, a metal box with probably the only sit down toilet in Kurdistan, and noised up Fiks. Fiks, like most of the brigade at one point, had fallen ill due to a combination of dodgy water, dodgy food, and working in 40° heat. All of my German comrades could speak some English, but me and Fiks had a special bond: through his love of Brit culture he could swear in English.

"Fiks. Fiks. FELIX!"

"Argh what the fark do you want you blardy barggah?"

"There's shooting. Nearby."

He groaned and rolled over, moving the damp towel back over his head.

"...Vot? Farkov. No."

Pop pop. Two more shots, a cacophony of shouting and a maelstrom of pointing and peering in the darkness.

I thought through the evac drill we had been over only that morning; and just like at primary school we were having an alert the very same day – the wiser kids would be rolling their eyes, same as every year. They knew there was never a real fire. But this wasn't primary school and in the last attack 220 people had died. We were lucky to be on the other side of the city then with enough time to move, but our drill didn't provide for fighting starting in the same block as us.

And what was I going to do with Fiks? And all the other, bigger, iller comrades? We'd struggle to carry them. I remembered of course we had four wheelbarrows. Some were way too tall, Germanically tall, to fit in a wheelbarrow – but I'd easily dump Fiks in one. The foulmouthed Bavarian bridge troll; I'd rather be kidnapped with him anyway.

I kicked off my sandals and pulled on my snide Syrian Nikes – already coming apart, but a steal at 9 euro, and probably the best days business the shoe shop had seen in years. 'Popop pop – pop' rang out from the same place again. Was that an exchange of fire? It sounded like the same gun, but then again everyone has Russian AKs; our side and ISIS.

We had survived the June 25th massacre and decided to stay, making us now the only big group of internationals in Kobane. We were a great target, but well protected; how did they know where we were and how did they get so close?

I stood alert as around me the camp went into evacuation mode, waking the ill, checking the route.

Shouting came from behind the wall now.

Then laughter and more shouting.

Three YPG fighters lowered their rifles as our neighbour came round the corner looking sheepish, carrying his own gun by the barrel as he made his explanations; something in his other hand I couldn't make out. Mehmet, our most regular guard, came over, trying to explain between laughter to one of the Kurdish comrades in our brigade.

She listened and frowned. "There was... A snake?" Mehmet spoke again. "Yes, there was a snake. The neighbour, he was shoot at the snake." More Kurdish. "The snake is dead."

"He shot it? With an AK? Jesus! I'm not surprised it's dead. Jeeesus." We all broke into laughter as the tension in our chests dissolved.

Fiks stumbled from the door of our container, half clothed, wrapped in bedding. "Vot the blardy fark..." he reeled slightly, taking in a headrush, "is going on, you liddle wankahs?"

I gestured to our neighbour who was now proudly brandishing the dead snake.

"Meingott. This explain nothing." He said shaking his head and grasping in his sheets for a cigarette.

Gary Oak

www.facebook.com/redlondon17



THE TICK OF TIME

by feedthemoon –
feedthemoon.wordpress.com

'Life is the childhood of our immortality' –
Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

It seems clear to me that the greatest stumbling block to us achieving our wondrous potentiality is the continuously reinforced notion of the second law of thermodynamics – a universal theory which states and I quote:

'Everything ultimately falls apart and disintegrates over time. Material things are not eternal. Everything appears to change eventually and chaos increases. Everything ages and wears out. Even death is a manifestation of this law.'

Which is quite interesting as the theory of evolution basically states the opposite, that over eons of time, billions of things are supposed to have developed upward, becoming more orderly and complex; but I digress.

We are constantly reminded that everything dies: all becomes ash carried upon the air, and whilst this is evidently true within the physical realm, what if the true essence of us, that which the scientists cannot quantify or dissect – i.e. the human soul – is in fact immortal? Imagine if we were to truly understand this, how would the control-system cope with a planet full of self-aware immortals? Answer: It couldn't, it would collapse (which being a materialist creation would make sense, given the 2nd law of thermodynamics – ha!)

There is an old Muslim saying: 'When death approaches it is terrible. When it reaches you it is bliss'.

And indeed, I remember an old documentary on a South London hospice in which one of the nurses told of how on numerous occasions, at the very moment of death they had noticed a look of what could

only be described as divine ecstasy pass across the face of the patient.

So what if that very thing we fear: that ever-present if seldom acknowledged dark shadow with the scythe is in fact an indicator of a great and wondrous liberation from the shackles of the physical realm – to a state of being in which the only limits to our worlds are the limits imposed by our own minds?

Would that not indicate that this, here and now is merely the training ground for our eternal souls to follow? And then, could not Death itself, as exemplified by the Grim Reaper, whilst often depicted as a terrifying apparition, be in fact something else entirely: Perhaps the Great Liberator? Joseph Campbell explained, in reference to Shiva, how appearances can indeed be deceptive:

'Shiva's dance is the universe. In his hair is a skull and a new moon, death and rebirth at the same moment, the moment of becoming. In one hand he has a little drum that goes tick-tick-tick. That is the drum of time, the tick of time which shuts out the knowledge of eternity. We are enclosed in time. But in Shiva's opposite hand there is a flame which burns away the veil of time and opens our minds to eternity'.

'The tick of time which shuts out the knowledge of eternity' – wow! -The tyranny of the clock; the artifice of time which enslaves us all. In short, he is talking of this material realm through which most of us pass through as little more than sleepwalkers. Or maybe even automatons. As described so brilliantly by T S Eliot in *The Waste Land*:
Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.

Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.

Ah, that final line: the dead sound on the final stroke of nine – there's that tick of time again!

Joseph Campbell (yes, him again) de-



scribed the meaning of the *Waste Land*, and its message for humanity far better than I could ever hope to when he told Bill Moyers:

"The theme of the Grail romance is that the land, the country, the whole territory of concern has been laid waste. It is called a wasteland. And what is the nature of the wasteland? It is a land where everybody is living an inauthentic life, doing as other people do, doing as you're told, with no courage for your own life. That is the wasteland. And that is what T. S. Eliot meant in his poem *The Waste Land*".

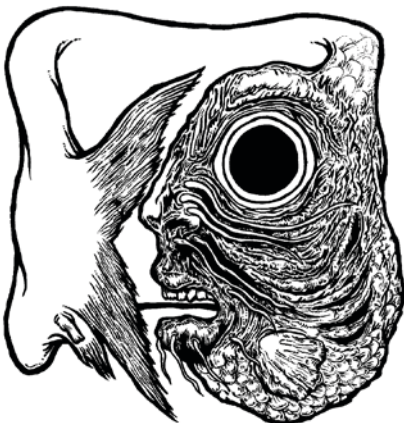
The people Eliot describes in these lines are all asleep, and, yes, sure these automatons gazing at their shoes (or I-Pads or Blackberries – whatever) are still there, we see them every day – but let's be honest, they are never going to awaken, they don't want to – who knows, maybe they're not reached that part of their own particular cycle yet. But something incredible is happening now: just think of this site you're looking at now, a meeting-place for like-minded souls by like-minded-souls, offering the opportunity for us to communicate our own personal awakenings; communities of awakened and awakening souls. It's pretty incredible, is it not?

Sometimes there is a natural impatience with the world, and the oft-heard refrain: 'But what can I do?'

The answer is: 'Stay awake'. For, after all, isn't that all that really matters?

For once you have awoken to your own immortality; the perceived world begins to dissipate anyway. So why change an illusion? Our own transformations have a transformative effect upon the world. Our awakening is a rebirth, and through our own particular rebirths, the world is reborn too.

Tick-tick-tick...the tick of time, the final strike of nine – it's all an illusion.



Migrant Crisis

You can't see the fields from the house.
Masser built the place that way
on purpose, so we wouldn't have to see
them dirty field-hands at they work.

We keep this place clean, genteel,
nice just the way Masser likes it.
He say we like refined sugar.
I like the way he say, *Re-fined*.

And he treat us good. Has cook
prepare us meals for when we tired
after the long day
getting the big house ready.

One glory-hot day, I be walking
out near the fields-edge,
so close I could hear the stripe
of the overseers' whips.

AN ODE TO MAN TITS

If it wasn't for my misspent youth, out-spoken, brash and uncouth, if I'd stayed in institution, not gone chasing revolution, if I'd kept my neck wound in, and not got lost in 'other things'...

I could have studied tantric yoga, tried to stay a little sober, or with these little girly hands, toiled the soil and worked the land. I could have been an organic farmer (a vegan one, not animal harm-er), been a French minousie, carving

wood, to earn my pay. I could have been a story writer, artist, drummer or bag-piper. I could have fought against oppression, or leant an ear at confession. Maybe I'd have invented things, like the towels that come with wings. I could have studied quantum physics, or write guides for tourist visits. I could have built a helter-skelter, or worked down the animal shelter. But if I'd done these other things, I'd never found what my job brings, coz listen closely mother fuckers, I get to work with moody truckers!

NECK WEAR

I.

I wear a collar fitted tight against my neck that tells any citizen who finds me, off out without permission, where my owner lives. It's stamped, along its length, with a message that reads: "This slave belongs to Antonius, if found, please return him to his house located at Number XXIII Appian Way." It's nice to think that I'm his property, for, though he works us all quite hard, I feel he's always

looking out for me.

2.

I loosen the tie from around my neck, end of the day, time to relax, off out tonight to a little place near where I live. Just got to send these last few messages, one to Derek in accounts and one to Anthony, my boss, on the ask. I've just bought a house and thanks to the prices it's cost way more than we'd hoped, but that's property for you. It means working longer and harder but still, it will always be there for me.



Sebestyén Hedvig

I hears a *psst-psst* and there,
stands a field-hand in her rags,
puffy-raw face, babe in arms
held close to her breast.

She say, *'Please, missy, please
would you take my baby on up
to the big house? Please don't make her
work and work and work these fields*

'till she be bones under 'em.'
I tell her there ain't a-nothing I can do.
Ain't no room up in the big house.
Ain't no place for no field-hand child.

Masser say he gonna build me a fence
two mules high, keep the field hands
from the door. He say, *'Don't you worry,
ain't nobody gonna take yo' position.'*

Masser must build that big fence soon,
must hurry quick cause those field-hands
is getting hungry. Hungry for this big
house, hungry for this life: clean, genteel,
re-fined.

THE GREAT WEN

London, oh place of once scabby beauty
A town which I once felt a part of
Which I once fell apart from
A distinctive distance now tween a man
and his home
For I fear that the soaring vulture of
gentrification
Has locked its talons firmly in thy putre-
fied flesh
Prising the last remains from your bones
To replace with flesh anew
And a custom-bespoke-fixed-gear-Soul
That comes with free facial hair
Londinium, land of wasteland opportunity
Which we did not seize in the 20th
century
Which we now no longer have claim over
London, the playground for the rich
The preserve of the property elite
Nodnol, the place where no one remem-
bers your true visage
In all its scabrous beauty and ill health
We are waiting at your margins
One day we hope to return

[tidsoptimist tids·opt·i·mist

(n.)

1. 'time optimist'; A person who's habitually late because they think they have more time than they do.]

We all know at least one – I am one. Its got a good ring to it, but is it actually a word? *Tidsoptimist* is a Nordic word which is not officially included in the current English language, yet. It was submitted on 31 August 2012 to Collins dictionaries and was rejected. Collins said 'We can't find much evidence of this word in actual use. If you find more evidence please feel free to resubmit the word.'

So what constitutes actual use? The word *tidsoptimist* has been made into those attractive looking quotes to be shared, reposted, tweeted, re-tweeted and generally bandied about on social media; proving that many English speakers feel affinity with the word. Does its use in social media make it legitimate? Apparently a word is checked to be in use in context in a variety of forms of both written and spoken word, and social media is now one of these.

"I am definitely a tidsoptimist, 'tid' meaning 'time' in Scandinavian countries..." *Nicole, Bristol.*

Most evidence suggests *tidsoptimism* to be in use in the Swedish language, with its origins being both Nordic and from the Latin – optimist.

I first came across this concept in social media a few months ago, although it was worded a little differently; 'a person who is constantly late due to believing that they can achieve more in a given time space than is actu-

ally possible'. As someone who is always 10 minutes late, no matter how hard I try to be on time, I can fully identify with this term and with the concept of seeing perpetual lateness in a more positive light, perhaps seeing it for what it essentially is.

Those who somehow manage to be on time seem to fall into two categories; those who see our tardiness as rude, inconsiderate and as a blatant disregard for the value of other people's time; and then there are those who know us *tidsoptimists* will most probably arrive late, so they take it into consideration or use the 'extra' ten minutes to check their emails or have a coffee while they wait for us to arrive.

I read quite recently that our use of mobile phones and communication technology somehow excuses people and lets them carry on being late. Years ago I suppose mobiles weren't so readily in use and people made more of an effort to be on time, whereas now we can just drop someone a text saying "RUNNING LATE, THERE IN 20 X" therefore wasting nearly half an hour of their time.

But what is really to blame? Is it our *tidsop-*

timistic approach, the ability to let someone know we're running late and therefore not feel bad about it, or is it the pace of western life where we feel we have to cram into the day more things than are humanly possible in order to be productive and also be able to enjoy life...?

Stripped

for M.

You reach your right arm out,
take a deep breath and wait

for a flutter of wings to brush your face
and a crystal clean *columba livia*

to land on an outstretched finger.
You clear your throat and start to sing,

to it, a calm, old-fashioned
song of loss, then smash

its tiny fragile head
hard against the edge

where its brains splatter, stain
with red the baize-lined table,

and I assume
this means that you

intend to raise
as you place

its now very limp body between us.
And, of course, I'm not gonna make a
fuss,

just start a-tugging at my ear;
and when it tears and comes off clean

put it next to the bird.
Then, as both pools of blood

go mingling,
you grin

and place your cards face up.
Hoo boy, what luck, a royal flush.

All I've got is two, numbered, pair,
so it don't take long to infer

I've lost my looks, the pigeon too;
we've got no clothes on. I love you.



Sebestyén Hedvig

